

5-1-2011

One Man's Meat

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Recommended Citation

Fraser, Alexandra (2011) "One Man's Meat," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 17 , Article 79.
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol17/iss1/79

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Empty

by Rhandi Green

No Mercy will be
Given to this man
Who lies here in front of me.
He, now as vulnerable as
I once was, cannot escape
My wrath.
I fear I will never be the same,
Since that one tenebrous
Night—the night that left me
Desecrated, bitter,
Alone.
For he not only
Stole what I can never
Get back, but planted a bomb, set
The detonator, then
Left an abyss in my chest.
Word on the street,
This drunken man
Who lies here in front
Of me,
Wants to destroy the town
I call home; I shall not
Let any man snatch anything
That belongs to me again.
This man will suffer before
He can destroy families and dreams.
I give no mercy
To this man,
Do you blame me?

Untitled

by Rachel Savelle

I love him,
and he loves me.
I Can't leave him.
people just don't Understand.

I always Forgive him,
since he Doesn't do it on
purpose.

It happens every day,
so it's no longer a bother.

everybody sees the marks,
the cuts and the bruises,
the scars scattered across my
body,
from the belts and whips.

I Don't try to hide them,
because he Loves me.
he Apologizes,
and I Love him.

Artwork:

One Man's Meat
by Alexandra Fraser



The Persistence of Memory

by Brian Perry

Time sure flies, or does it?
Does it melt away in our memories like a pearl in a pot of vinegar,
Or does it persist like the frozen Russian tundra?

Do memories represent the forces of good,
Or are they just appalling?
Try both.

Some are utilized in times when one needs his or her spirits lifted,
Other depict harsh, violent events that one cannot repress.

The seemingly endless sea goes on like an infinite abyss,
The mountain ranges are as sharp as needles.

The work of art will persist in our memories.
Time will not erode it like a massive flood.

It is
A masterpiece.